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Judge

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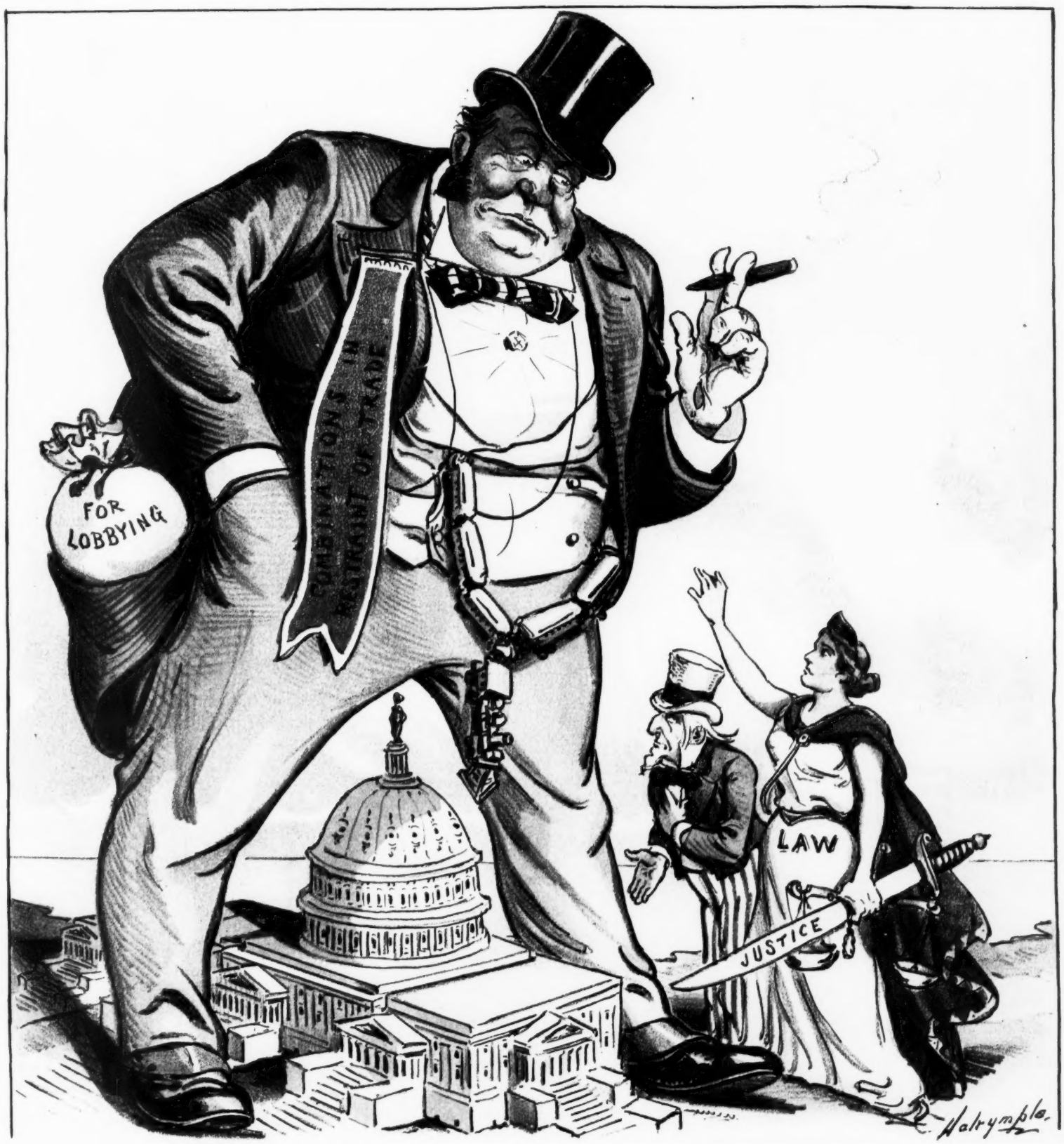

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TOO RIDICULOUS FOR ANYTHING.

"The idea!—thinking of restricting me when I practically own this place."

Judge

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WITH MANY abject apologies to the author of the well-known ornithological aphorism, we beg to rise and remark that, in our humble opinion, a dollar in the bank is worth two in the pocket.

* * *

THE KNIFE has become so important a factor in all up-to-date commercial methods that it might not be a bad idea to introduce a chair for the development and illumination of the same into every business college in the land.

* * *

THE GREAT and heretofore unparalleled commercial monstrosity is the creature who represents all those uncanny combinations which mean, when analyzed, the restraint and ruin of trade. He is a self-constituted autocrat, who performs his high-handed acts in a way that should make him the target, not to say the recipient, of many legislative bombs. The bombs of public opinion have no more effect on him than a tea-biscuit would have on the razor-backed appetite of a Russian wolf, for he is a pachyderm whose hide is sufficiently thick to work up well into automobile-tires. He has an automatic appetite which is self-sustaining and unappeasable. He laughs at law, and practically suggests to Uncle Sam the propriety of retiring to the background and pitching his tent in the bosom of the tall timber. He walks roughshod over everything that is good and decent, and feels that he owns the country and is its uncrowned ruler. He furthermore feels that the idea of restricting him in his efforts to crush legitimate trade by the lobbying system is one that should be a cause for tons of innocent hilarity and button-bursting merriment. Some of these days he will learn that there is an end even to the tether of one who may own and direct the movements and so-called consciences of sundry law-makers. And when this valuable fact dawns upon him it will be owing to the inevitable swift kick which Uncle Sam has had in pickle for him for these many weary moons. When this gross beast has been removed from our midst our midst will be brighter and experience a feeling of joy that will be both mirth-provoking and salutary. Uncle Sam is a long and a high kicker, and there is a limit to his patience and endurance. These facts are of the eighteen-karat gold variety, and should therefore appeal to the prosperity-wrecker as being just the sort of things to paste in his hat and to smoke in his pipe.

* * *

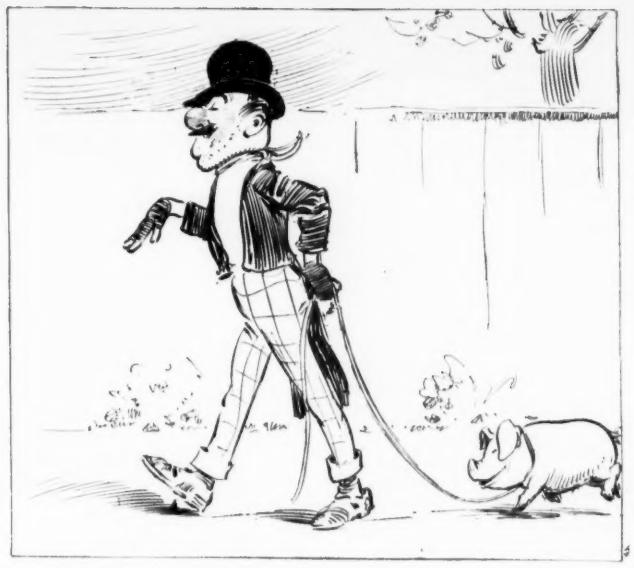
THE TRUST LOBBYIST is a commercial juggler of the first water. He can perform almost any kind of trick that is calculated to fool the public. He can make adversity look like prosperity without the aid of a confederate or large sleeves. He can cause prosperity to disappear to No-man's land, and suddenly cause it to reappear—riding on a rabbit—from a high hat, in which he has previously mixed it into a shapeless mass, with several eggs and a loaf of bread. He has millions for lobbying and nothing for that which, by reason of the quality of its material, is known to all men as a square deal. He does not know the meaning of square dealing, for the reason that he is a grafter who represents greater grafters, and stands on a pedestal of graft for purposes of graft and grafting only. It cannot be truthfully said that he is more grafted against than grafting, for the reason that such an hypothesis is next to unthinkable. He is wearing the mantle of liberty, in which he fancies himself secure against all critical scrutiny. He should remember the fate of the ass who donned the lion's skin. Carried, as he is, on the shoulders of the senators who appear to be his jumping-jacks and puppets, he should remember that Uncle Sam is on the alert for the interests of his children, and that the hatchet of patriotism with which he lays the transgressor cold is the historical instrument that was used on a memorable occasion by G. W. It will then be seen at a glance that the advance-agent of graft is likely to come to grief, for the hatchet is charmed, and Uncle Sam is on deck for business, that the small dealer may never have shekels of gold and silver for purposes of ignition. He is out for the scalp of the grafter, whom he sees in his true colors, dancing athwart his ken as a horned monster in a Welsh-rarebit vision. And before long he will have the grafter's scalp hanging at his belt like a chatelaine. He is following in the footsteps of G. W., and his little hatchet is honed and tuned for the occasion. And when the storm has begun it will take more than ordinary Standard oil to still the waters.

THE RIGHT MAN FOR THE JOB.

UNCLE ARKANSAW—"Look here, captain! You have such great success getting *my* hands up, what will you take to come down to my place and get the plantation hands up every morning?"

1.

NERVY NAT—"It was back in the 'eighties I once had a pork-chop. If my memory serves me, it was not a dish to be lightly spoken of. The little pig seems to say, 'Nat, old chap, your opportunity has come again. I have concealed upon my person many succulent morsels. My master would barter me for a scythe, a gallon of kerosene, and a box of dried apples. Will you stand idly by and see this injustice done?'"



2.

NERVY NAT—"'Oh, tell me, pretty piggie! are there any more at home like you?' I must borrow a chafing-dish and some apple-sauce; and then, Montague Fitz-Bacon, the subway for yours! You are certainly one of the pigs that were possessed by a devil, and I am the devil—always was."

3.

NERVY NAT—"Whoa! you bucket of lard, you symbol of finance, you galvanized clot of grease! What do you mean by these unseemly antics? I want you to understand that I am the leading-man in this company. By Lucullus! he's trying to give me the shake."

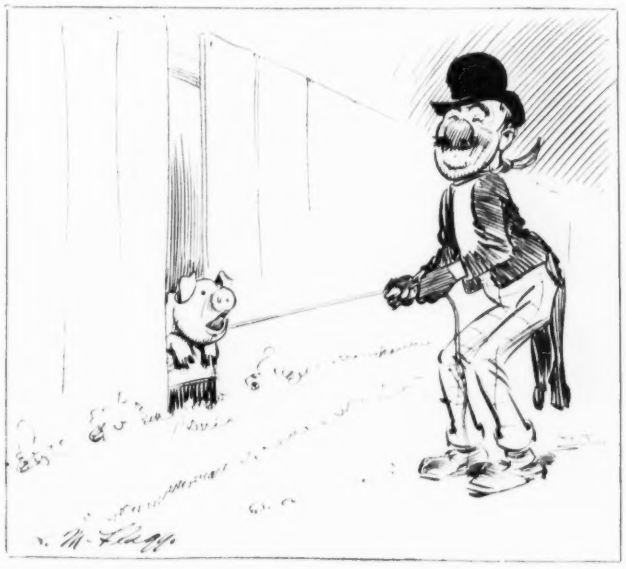
4.

NERVY NAT—"Gee! here comes his manager. Well, he doesn't get the pig. He didn't see me lure him away, so I'll anchor his porklets to the fence and assume my natural simple child-of-nature expression till he gets by. How awkward! I'll spank Montague for this."

5.

SI PROVENDER—"Ye ain't seed a thief goin' by here, hev ye, with a pig? Jest hed a pig stole."

NERVY NAT—"Thief? pig? Oh, yes: now you speak of it, I do remember seeing a man with a pig. I never imagined he stole the animal, but it must be the one you mean. If you hurry along you'll catch him. He went right along the road here. Oh, don't mention it; you're perfectly welcome."



6.

NERVY NAT—"Come out, my boy! It's hide-and-sneak, and yon rapidly-vanishing and righteously wrathful gent is it. You have been saved from one only to fall into the hands of another. 'Tis the pig-irony of fate."

NO. 63.—NERVY NAT AND THE LITTLE PIG.

JUDGE'S FAVORITES.

NELLIE BUTLER.

You gayly float around the stage
With grace that not another
Can boast, and then
The small boys en-
Vy Buster Brown his mother.

Then to you every howling swell,
Though yankee, Jap, or Paddy,
Throws roses bright
And red and white
And envies Buster's daddy.

AFTER THE FALL.

"ADAM," suggested his spouse, "why don't you start a newspaper?"

"Because," he snarled, "we'd probably have to employ a snake editor."

Not relishing the job, journalism was consequently long delayed.

New York medico—"To cure children of whooping-cough I have their mothers take them to a gas-house."

Washington medico—"In Washington we send them to the senate chamber."

AND AVOID COLDS.

"AH!" cries the lecturer, "we all must cross this vast ocean of life. Its deeps and its shallows, its calms and its storms, await us. Who among us can say what is best for us to take with us on the journey? Who"——

"Take a pair of Gumdrop's rubbers," advises a commercial traveler who has dropped into the lecture-hall to kill time while waiting for his train.

BAA!

MARY had a little lamb,
Its fleece was white as snow;
But if you tried to shovel it
The difference you'd know.

BIOLOGICAL.

"DEAR!"

With a glance she tried to cow him. But he only looked sheepish.

"Dog!" she exclaimed.

He choked—there was a frog in his throat. Then realizing he had made a monkey of himself by acting like a bear, he ducked.

HIGHLY SATISFACTORY.

Askum—"Is your patient with the grip progressing as rapidly as you expected?"

Dr. Fatfee (jubilantly)—"Yes, thank you. He has already developed pneumonia."

CLARINDA.

She is so very beautiful
That when she or smiles sighs
She is the very cynosure
And apple of all eyes.

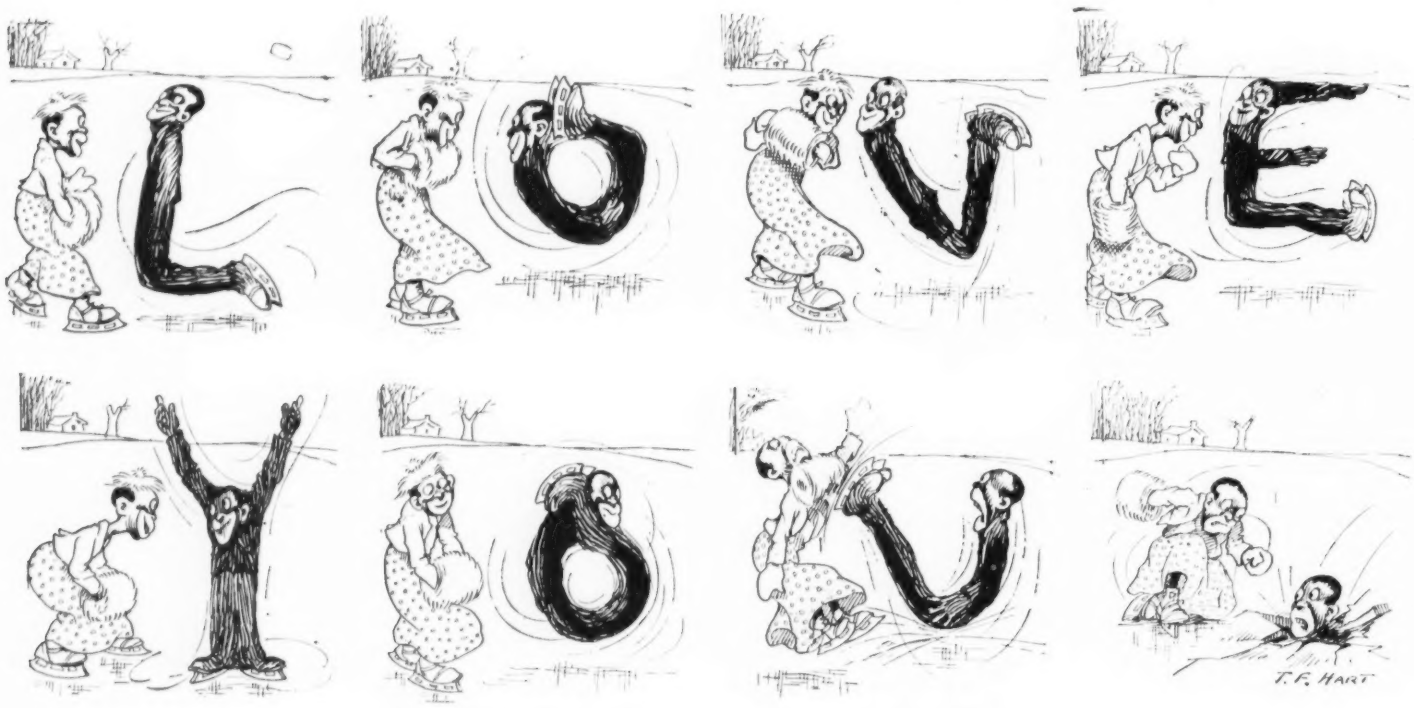
The music of her beauty e'en
The fairies would purloin—
The beauty of her music is
The music of her coin.

MIXED.

"AND have you a better half?" we ask of the affable resident of Salt Lake city.

"Better half?" he smiles. "I have a half-and-half."

From this we deduce that he has solved the binomial theorem of matrimony.



THE LATEST DARKTOWN "I-LOVE-YOU" STUNT ON SKATES.

COULDN'T UNDERSTAND IT.

MRS. HANDOUT—"After you eat that pie I shall expect you to saw some wood."

WEARY WILLIE (*suspiciously*)—"Now, see here, lady; if dere's anyt'ing in dis pie dat's goin' ter make a feller 'foolish in de head' I wish yer'd say so before I eat it."

LOCAL NEWS.

(From the Styxville Tribune.)

LOOKS like we would have more winter, according to what the groundhog says.

SAVE A LITTLE EVERY WEEK.

OTHERS HAVE DONE IT.

WHY NOT YOU?

Read what some of our policy-holders say.

The Styxville Life Insurance Co. Gentlemen: I had one of your ten-year endowment policies when I was twenty-three years of age and collected on it every decade until my demise. While there's life insurance there's hope. METHUSELAH.

The Styxville Life Insurance Co.—Gentlemen: I took one of your twenty-year endowment policies and went to sleep. When I awoke the policy had matured. Yours truly, RIP VAN WINKLE.

A postal brings an agent to you.

Read the advertisement of the Styxville Ins. Co. in this issue of the *Tribune*.—*Adv.*

Considerable agitation is being felt in our midst on account of signs in the subway. President Charon says it calls for them in the contract, but our leading legal lights hold varying opinions. Joe Miller, the village cut-up, says he don't believe in signs. Pretty good, Joe.

Navigation on the Styx has re-opened.

Read Vergil's write-up of this region in Make Shure's for February. All news-stands.

Cerberus has a new collar. It's a three-ply.

Orpheus's concert was well attended last night. He is a dandy player.

Work on our new brass bridge is advancing finely to consummation.

Ulysses was a Styxville caller Thursday.

Tantalus is on the water-wagon.

Sisyphus is still paying his election-bet. He says a rolling stone don't gather any moss, anyhow.

Several from this place have the la grippe. FRANKLIN P. ADAMS.

AT THE MINSTRELS.

MISTAH BONES looked solemnly across the stage at Mistah Tambo and inquired with much dignity,

"Mistah Tambo, could you elucidate a small conundrum for me this evening?"

Whereto Mistah Tambo replied with equal dignity, "I certainly shall be delighted to attempt to elucidate a small conundrum for you this evening. Proceed to promulgate it, if you so desire."

Thereupon Mistah Bones asked, "What is the difference between a man who runs a machine that compresses hay into bundles and a man who shouts 'Hello' to the bey of Abyssinia?"

Here the interlocutor unbent sufficiently to say, "The question propounded, Mistah Tambo, is, 'What is the difference between a man who runs a machine that compresses hay into bundles and one who shouts 'Hello' to the bey of Abyssinia?"

Before Mistah Bones could get into the dialogue again Mistah Tambo hitched himself into an easier position on his chair and said,

"It is perfectly simple, gentlemen. One bales the hay and the other hails the bey."

In the ensuing confusion Mr. Everard Gilperhenny stepped forward and began to sing his heartrending ballad entitled, "Since sister lost her gold-filled teeth her smile gives me a chill."

ECONOMIZING.

Wife—"George, I wouldn't buy any more accident-insurance tickets—it's a mere waste of money."

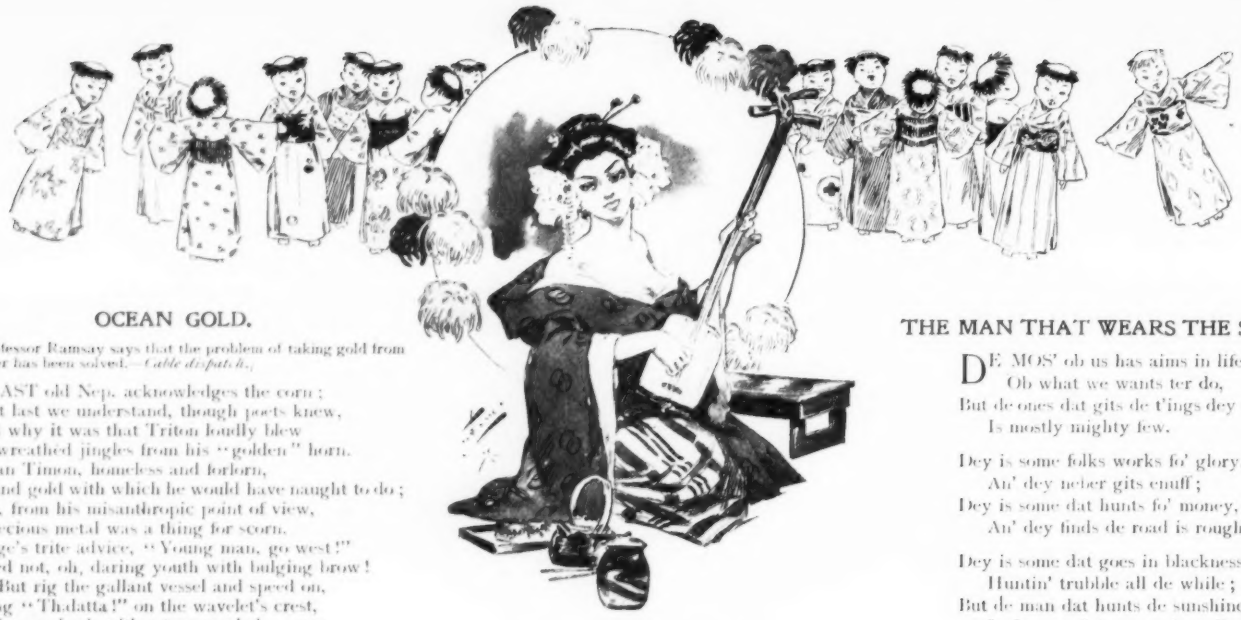
Husband—"Why, my dearest"——

Wife—"Because you are never lucky enough to use them—they never do us any good."

NO SENTIMENT IN UNCLE HENRY.

SUSIE PUNKINTON—"Oh, paw! thet rich summer boarder writes thet he loves the very ground I walk on."

HENRY PUNKINTON—"Does, eh? Well, s'pose you spend a day or two walkin' round on thet eight-acre swamp-lot. Mebbe I kin stick him fer it."



"THE COMING GIRL."

OCEAN GOLD.

Professor Ramsay says that the problem of taking gold from sea-water has been solved.—*Cable dispatch.*

AT LAST old Nep. acknowledges the corn;
At last we understand, though poets knew,
Just why it was that Triton loudly blew
Those wreathed jingles from his "golden" horn.
Athenian Timon, homeless and forlorn,
Found gold with which he would have naught to do;
For, from his misanthropic point of view,
The precious metal was a thing for scorn.
The sage's trite advice, "Young man, go west!"
Heed not, oh, daring youth with bulging brow!
But rig the gallant vessel and speed on,
Shouting "Thalatta!" on the wavelet's crest,
And come back with a treasure-laden scow
In three shakes of a mermaid's colophon. E. C.

THE MAN THAT WEARS THE SMILE.

DE MOS' ob us has aims in life
Ob what we wants ter do,
But de ones dat gits de t'ings dey wants
Is mostly mighty few.

Dey is some folks works fo' glory,
An' dey neber gits enuff;
Dey is some dat hunts fo' money,
An' dey finds de road is rough.

Dey is some dat goes in blackness,
Huntin' trubble all de while;
But de man dat hunts de sunshine
Is de man dat wears de smile.

BEN BLOW.

AN IMPORTANT OMISSION.

"MARIE, what have we on for to-morrow?"

As her mistress spoke Marie, the French maid, turned to the engagement-book, where madam's dates had been carefully recorded.

"After her bath in ze mawning madam goes direct to her milliner's—at nine."

"Yes."

"Zen to her tailor's at ten to try on ze new gowns for ze operaw."

"Ah, yes."

"At eleven to ze jeweler's, to have ze pendant remodeled; also madam's tiara is to be reset."

"And remind me also to look at some La Viellieres. And what then?"

"Madam has promised at noon to attend a meeting of some societee—ah, yes; for ze amelioration"——

"You mean, Marie, the society for the amelioration of homeless cats. Well, we'll cut that out. Where do I lunch?"

"At ze St. Regis, with madam's bridge-club; after which madam will play until four o'clock."

"Then comes my drive in the park—that is, if the new horses have been pronounced safe."

"Yes, madam. Zen ze foreign noblemen are to come to dinner."

"Ah, so I believe. Well, Marie, and then?"

Marie clasped her hands enthusiastically. "Zen madam shall rest. Zare is no operaw; zere is nozing down. For one evening I shall attend madam in her budwoir. Ah, she needs ze rest so mooch!"

Her mistress arose. "Marie!" she exclaimed sternly, "it is plain that as a secretary you are not a success. Ah, what would have happened if I had not remembered?" She gazed at her maid reproachfully. "Do you not know, Marie," she exclaimed, "that to-morrow evening I attend a lecture on the simple life?"

TOM MASSON.

A SUFFERER.

"MADAM," said the haggard man at the door, "could you give me some assistance? I am a survivor of the siege of Port Arthur?"

"Why," said the woman suspiciously, "you couldn't have reached here in this time."

"Oh, kind lady, I was not at Port Arthur. I was the war-rumor editor on an excitable newspaper."

THE "RAH-RAH!" BOY.

THE PROFESSOR—"I haf been conversing mit your son. He seems familiar mit der deadt languages."
THE PARENT—"Not at all. That's merely college slang."

AN OLD SALT'S OBSERVATIONS.

THE man who paddles his own canoe in these days is left far behind. It's him that has it altered into a motor-boat an' then finds a way to tap another feller's tank of gasoline that wins the cup.

"I can't take it," says the young woman as the doctor passes out a pill. "It's the only thing will save your life," he says. "But,' she replies, "it will ruin my complexion." An' she shakes her head ag'in.

"There!" said the doctor in the alcoholic ward to the patient who was cured; "you're all right now, an' can go out ag'in an' look for work." The man burst into tears. "Jest as I was gettin' that pink elephant all nice an' trained, too!" he sobbed.

"My!" said the visitor from the rural districts, lookin' up at the new apartment-house that towered before him, "ain't it high, though?" He gazed in silence for a time. "But what's that which I see a-stickin' up away above its topmost story?" he inquired then. "That," said his friend, who knew about such things, "must be the rent."

"Is there in your town a woman who can't be flattered, never gossips, won't waste money, and is not vain about her clothes?" inquired the anxious man who was contemplatin' matrimony in order to meet the conditions of his rich uncle's will. "There is," replies the questionee. "Please give me her address," requests the other gentleman. "Why, certainly," the answer comes; an' tearin' a leaf out from his note-book the speaker writes, "Miss Jones, receivin' vault, Mount Hope cemetery.'

"I'm goin' to have a new wing built upon my Newport cottage," said the society matron dreamily, "an' then, when summer comes, I'll have an entertainment that is re'lly new to unsuccessfully conceal from the Sunday newspaper reporters." "What you goin' to do?" inquires her friend. "I'm goin' to ask all my old husbands an' their wives an' families, no matter how many they may have by this time, to spend a month with me," was the reply. She dreamed a minute an' then sighed happily, as in prospective triumph. "My!" she then exclaimed, "won't there be a jam, though!"

EDWARD MARSHALL.

BUT SHE DID!

THE LEADING HEAVY "So you are really engaged to Dolly Footlights? To be perfectly candid, old chap, I never thought she would accept you."
THE LIGHT JUVENILE "Neither did I."

ORIGINAL.

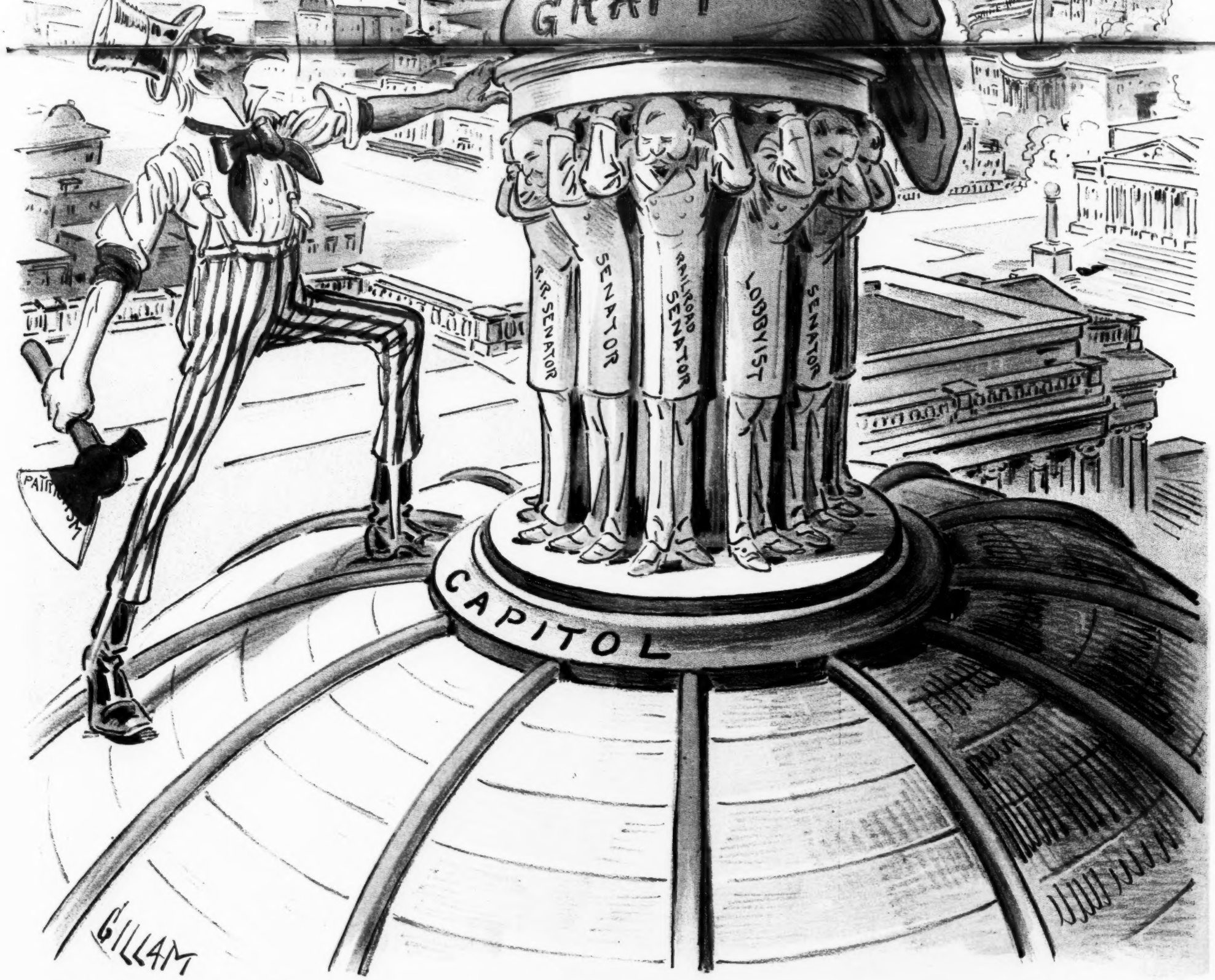
CLEOPATRA had just dissolved the pearl.

"Lovely!" cried the girls. "What an original way of showing off an engagement-ring!"

The fact that it could only be done once, however, militated against its popularity.

A BEAU OF THE PRESENT DAY.
"Has Jack got any good jewelry?"
"So, so: just Christmas jewelry."

FOR LOBBYING
TRUSTS
LIBERTY'S MANTLE
GRAFT



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Sauvage & Wilhelmi Lith & Pkg Co New York

FOLLOWING IN WASHINGTON'S FOOTSTEPS.

Uncle Sam will chop it down with his little hatchet.

EXIT THE HORSE.

SOON will he vanish, leaving not a sign
Of former time. Instead, the buzz-machine,
Whose tank, filled with mephitic gasoline,
Leaves sickening odors all along the line.
Once doughty Richard, of the curving spine,
'Mid battle's clangor, offered, in his spleen,
His kingdom for a horse, however mean,
That he might straighten out on Vict'ry's wine.
What golden records greet the years! For still
Bucephalus, Black Bess, the warp and wood
Of equine fleetness, flash across the view.
But now his flesh goes to the sausage-mill,
His glossy coat and Mercury-winged hood
Converted into boxing-gloves and glue.

EUGENE GEARY.

HE BROKE IN.

"THERE goes one of our most successful authors," said the friend, indicating the man who had just come into the café.

"Who Bill Stoxem? Why, I used to know him ten years ago. He was always trying to write stories then, but the magazines rejected them right along."

"Yes; but since then he has gone into the stock-market and made millions, and now he sells his articles right and left, telling how the lambs are sheared."

HEIGHT OF SENSATIONALISM.

"Is he a sensational preacher?"

"Very. He hasn't asked for a raise of salary since he's been here."

ON THE SIDEBOARD.

THE DECANTER. "Where's Mr. Claret Cup? I haven't seen him to-day."

THE LITTLE CORDIAL GLASS. "Didn't you hear about him? He was at the poker-party last night and went broke on a tray full."

JUST AS WELL.

THE artist painted a picture—a study of reptile life
And, proud of his work, he took it in to show the snake to his wife.
Looking it over, she tried to guess the subject he'd done with vim;
But, "I can't make head or tail of it, dear," frankly she said to him.

"Head or tail?" he repeated. "Neither of these you can see?
It's evident, then, I haven't done well—for that's *all* a snake should be."
Whereon he turned it sideways, and putting in shadows gray,
He named it again, "The country road," and sold it the very next day.

JACK APPLETON.

COMMERCIALLY SPEAKING.

Mr. Blunderalong—"Why, Miss Antike, this is a pleasure! I haven't seen you for a long time. You must pardon me, but you look fifty"——

Miss Antike—"Mr. Blunderalong!"

Mr. Blunderalong——"per cent. better than you did the last time I met you."

CREATED A DEMAND.

"SINCE the Igorrotes who were at the St. Louis fair have returned," said the Philippine merchant, "there has been a great demand for canned goods."

"Did they get in the habit of eating canned stuff in America?" asked the tourist.

"No; they just use the empty cans. They won't eat dog now unless it is garnished with a can tied to the tail."

THE causeway before the castle reverberated with hoof-beats. A stalwart knight rose in his stirrups and shouted in stentorian tones, "What, ho! the castle! What, ho!"

"Who comes hither?" asked the warder's wife.

"Marry, I know not," replied the warder; "but of a truth it sounds like the man with the ho."

'CINDY HAD SEEN THE MILKMAID CHORUS.

"Ma, come here an' look at wot 'Cindy 's goin' milkin' in! I knew somethin' turrible wud come of her goin' to thet opry-show."

"What are you mad at Jack Huggard for?"

"His impudence. He threatened to kiss me!"

"Oh, well, I wouldn't be so quick to get angry; he might do it yet."—*Fort Worth Record.*

"This here town of Gotham seems to be right smart of a place," said Uncle Goshall Hemlock as he put aside his newspaper. "Somethin' is always happenin' there; you see the town mentioned mighty frequent in the papers, an' yit"—

Here he shook his head dubiously.

"I hain't never been able to locate the town on any map!"—*Pittsburg Post.*

Clarence—"Your valet went on a stwike, did he? Bless my soul! I hope you didn't accede to his demands."

Claude—"'Pon my life, I had to, old chap. The cunning cweatuh thweatened to leave me one morning when I was half dwessed."—*Brooklyn Life.*

Nero had just given orders for the burning of Rome.

"How lovely!" exclaimed his wife. "I will begin with the money right away."

Herewith she hastened forth to shop while he hunted for his fiddle.—*New York Sun.*

"I am afraid you are one of those people who look down on toil."

"Not at all," answered the luxurious youth. "My great-great-grandfather worked hard and invested his money, and we are quite pleased with him for doing so."—*Washington Star.*

"You may become bald, but baldness will not become you."

Systematic Shampooing with

Packer's Tar Soap

Pure as the Pines

means healthy hair and scalp and prevents premature baldness

The Packer Mfg. Co., New York

Bills—"You made a funny break in congratulating the bride's father instead of the groom."

Wills—"No, I didn't. I've a daughter, too, and I know what they cost."—*Chicago Journal.*

40 Sizes, 10c. to 50c. each.
A. SANTAELLA & CO., Makers, TAMPA, Fla.
Sold by First Class Dealers Everywhere.

The poet was telling how the waters came down at Lodore.

"Fine!" cried the critics; "but can you describe how they freeze in the pipes?"

Fearing the adjectives would not look well in print, he was obliged to forego the effort.—*New York Sun.*

Add a little Abbott's Angostura Bitters to a glass of wine, and you'll be surprised what a delightful tonic it makes.

"He's sorry now that he quarreled with her."

"She's gone home to her mother, I suppose?"

"No; she's had her mother come home to her."—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

"Tell me," said the ambitious young man, "what do you consider the best foundation for success in business?"

"Rocks," promptly replied the wise old merchant.—*Philadelphia Press.*

"I want some man to figure out how much electricity it is going to take to run my mill. Whom would you recommend?"

"One of those lightning calculators, of course."—*New Orleans Times-Democrat.*

The last drop pours out as clear as the first.

EVANS ALE

Is the only ale that is always ready to serve. No sediment.

She—"Is skin-grafting a very late discovery?"

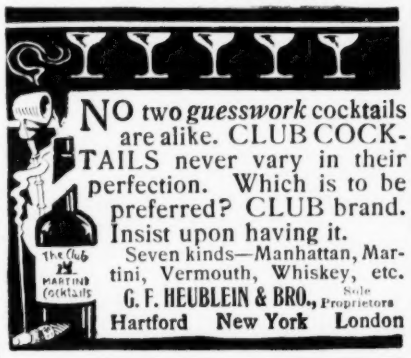
He—"No; it is only a new branch of a very old art. All grafting is a skin process."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Stella—"Are you going to have Jack teach you to skate this winter?"

Bella—"Yes; that's why I had him teach me to swim last summer."—*New York Sun.*

"What is the secret of your success?" asked the young man.

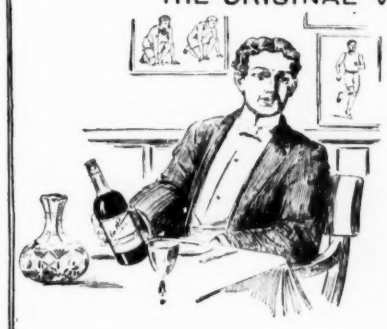
"In buying," said the old horse-dealer, "I look sharp, and in selling I look just as ignorant as I can."—*Chicago News.*



"I know men," averred Uncle Allen Sparks, "who think they are earning a living, when all they are doing is beating the world out of one."—*Chicago Tribune.*

Lea & Perrins' Sauce

THE ORIGINAL WORCESTERSHIRE



The Peerless Seasoning

A dash of which adds more relish to a greater number of dishes than does any other seasoning known to epicures. It gives piquancy to Soups, Oysters, Fish, all Roasts, Gravies, Salads, etc. For Cold Meats of all kinds **LEA & PERRINS' SAUCE** is superb.

John Duncan's Sons, Agents, New York.

Mr. Cutting Hintz—"There is one thing that always struck me as being very strange."

Mrs. Cutting Hintz—"What's that?"

Mr. Cutting Hintz—"That all women who have distinguished themselves by a display of brains look so much like men."—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

"You haven't got much of a head," said the needle to the pin.

"No," replied the latter; "but at the same time we pins have our fine points."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

You will get more prompt attention and better service by mentioning JUDGE when answering advertisements.

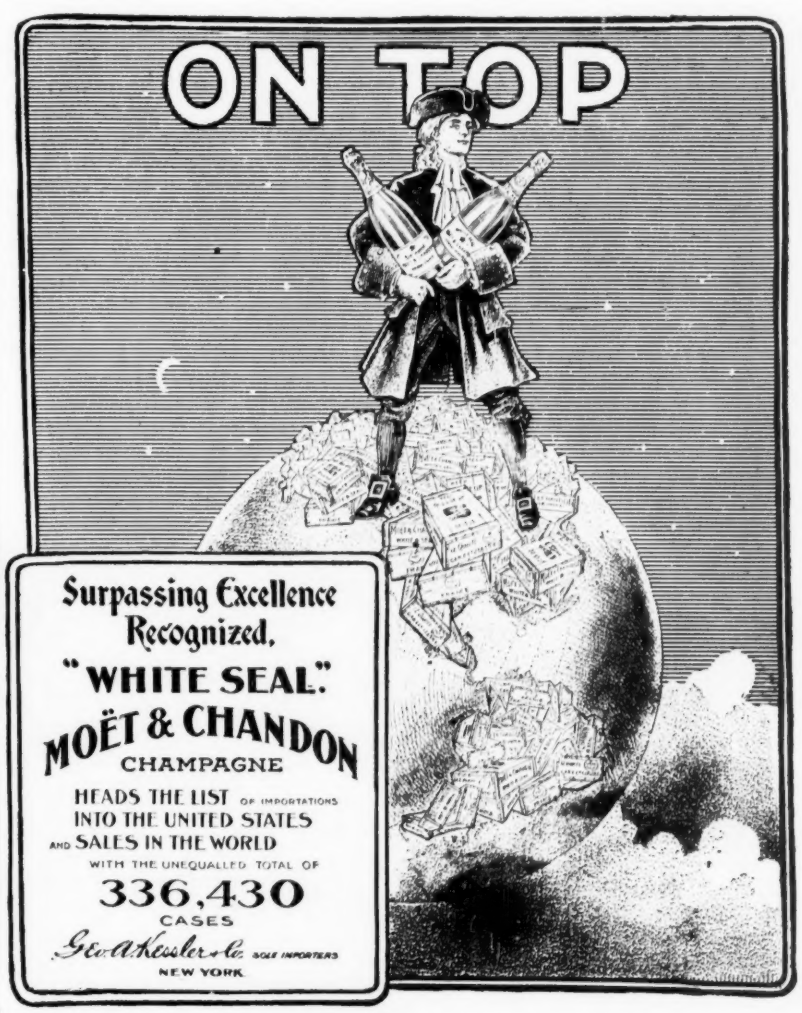
"Money doesn't bring happiness."

"No; but it isn't necessary that it should. If you have money and want happiness you can afford to go after it."—*Houston Post.*

The white rose—"What makes you so red?"

The red rose—"I'm blushing for shame to think how much the florist charges for us."—*Detroit Tribune.*

"Talkin' 'bout prosperity," said Uncle Eben, "dar ain' no kind dat beats a clear conscience an' a good appetite."—*Washington Star.*



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at the St. Louis Exposition was awarded

Hunter Whiskey

for the highest order of merit in all the elements of a perfect Whiskey.

Sold at all first-class cafés and by jobbers.
WM. LANAHAN & SON, Baltimore, Md.

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DR. MARSHALL'S CATARRH SNUFF

(Relieves at Once and Cures Absolutely)

It should be used by all sufferers of Catarrh, Cold in-the-head, Ringing in the Ears or Deafness (due to Catarrh.) It gives instant relief,—cleans the head at once by reaching the inflamed parts. Contains no cocaine, morphine, or other dangerous drugs.

25 cents *per bottle at all druggists, or by mail prepaid.*

A complete treatise on Catarrh, free by mail. Write for Book C.I.

F. C. KEITH, Prop., Cleveland, Ohio

70 YEARS A HOUSEHOLD REMEDY

One quarter actual size.

The young woman had just said no.

"Have you ever been rejected before, Mr. Huddleston?" she asked, sympathizingly, and almost tenderly.

"Once," he said, a spasm of pain contorting his features at the recollection. "By a life-insurance company. I tell you it hurt – that time."—*Chicago Tribune.*

MARDI GRAS, NEW ORLEANS, LA., MARCH 7TH, 1905.

Southern Railway announces a rate of $37.75 for the round trip from New York on this occasion. Tickets on sale March 1st to 6th, good to return until March 11th. By depositing ticket with payment of $1.00, extension of same can be had until March 18th, 1905. Pullman Drawing-room, Sleeping- and Dining-cars, New York to New Orleans. Double Daily Service. New York offices, 271 & 1185 Broadway.

Alex. S. Thweatt, Eastern Passenger Agent.

RECOMMENDED BY PHYSICIANS AND CONNOISSEURS

COOK'S Imperial Extra Dry CHAMPAGNE

SERVED EVERYWHERE

"We'll dispense with your services, sir," said Mr. Merchant sternly. "I saw you coming out of a saloon to-day. I told you I'd discharge you for that, didn't I?"

"Why, no, sir," replied Gailey; "you said you'd discharge me if you saw me going into one. I think I deserve some credit for coming out."—*Philadelphia Press.*

Hotel Bon Air, Augusta, Georgia. The fashionable high-class resort of the middle south. C. G. Trussell, Manager.

Customer—"But haven't you got any folding mince-pies?"

Baker—"Folding mince-pies?"

Customer—"Yes; I want to send it as a present to a young couple who live in a flat."—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

Policeman—"Which o' yez beginned this fight?"

One of the belligerents—"He did. His dog pitched into mine."—*Chicago Tribune.*

A tablespoonful of Abbott's Angostura Bitters in a glass of sweetened water after meals is the greatest aid to digestion known.

Magistrate—"Do you promise to let liquor alone?"

Prisoner—"Yes, jedge; I promise. But Webster's dictionary sez there is a heap of difference between promise and assure."

Magistrate—"Well, then we will make assurance doubly sure by locking you up."—*Cincinnati Tribune.*

Johnny—"Pa, what is hell?"

Pa—"The vermiform appendix of theology. Many doctors remove it entirely."—*New York Sun.*

The name of Sohmer & Co. upon a piano is a guarantee of its excellence.

First promoter—"You say fifty million dollars is about the value of your mine holdings?"

Second promoter—"They're worth every bit of it."

First promoter—"You ought to incorporate."

Second promoter—"I would, but it costs two dollars to incorporate in this state."—*Pittsburg Post.*

WILSON WHISKEY

THAT'S ALL!

MRS. JACKSON—"I 'spect dat chile will be fillin' his pa's shoes some day."

MRS. JOHNSING—"Dat's jes' wot he got a lickin' fo' las' night—fillin' dem wif mud-pies."

DO YOU EVER THINK ABOUT OWNING YOUR OWN HOME?

IF YOU are thinking about Building a House an investment of $1.00 now will save you hundreds of dollars in building a house, by getting the latest and most practical ideas of the noted and capable architect, Mr. George Palliser. We therefore desire to call your special attention to our new book just issued and containing over

One Hundred Up-to-date House Plans

The title of this book is

GEORGE PALLISER'S MODERN BUILDINGS

A new up-to-date book, containing **over one hundred plans,** all new (1902), of houses ranging in cost from $500 to $20,000; also plans of Public Library Buildings, Summer Hotels, Stables, Public Halls, etc., etc.

This book is a collection of practical designs showing examples of houses recently built, and invaluable to everyone thinking of building, by reason of their having been, with very few exceptions, planned in the ordinary course of a busy architect's practice during the last few years, and built in various parts of the country within the prices given.

Full description accompanies each plate, giving sizes, height of stories, how built and finished, and improvements contained, thus giving information of very great value to everyone contemplating building, as the plans and designs embody the best thought and most careful study of those erecting them, giving real results as to cost and a guide that is safe to follow. These designs and plans have, therefore, a value that can be fully appreciated for their practical utility and stand alone as real examples of how some people's homes are planned and what they cost.

To those wanting homes or selling home sites, members of building associations, land companies, real estate men, those having land to improve, carpenters and builders, and everyone interested or who ever hopes to own a home, these designs are invaluable and will prove of very great value to them. It contains 115 large pages, size 11 x 14 inches. Price, bound in heavy paper cover, sent by mail, postpaid, $1.00. Bound in cloth, $2.00. Sent by mail, postpaid, to any address on receipt of price. Address all orders with remittances to

JUDGE COMPANY, 225 FOURTH AVENUE, NEW YORK. Remit by money order or check—don't send currency.

"Ornatus et Bonitas."

EXTRA QUALITY

DUNLAP & CO.

CUSTOM SERVED

Correct Hats For Men.

Spring Styles Now On Sale.

New York. Chicago. Philadelphia.

And Accredited Agencies In All Principal Cities of the World.

"Twenty cents for a half-dozen raw?" complained the patron. "You never charged more than ten cents before."

"Yes, sir," replied the waiter; "but oysters are worth double this month. There's two r's in February."—*Philadelphia Press.*

Polly Prise—"I went to a fortune-teller to find out whom I was going to marry."

Dolly Wyse—"So did I. And I found out."

Polly Prise—"Oh! What fortune-teller did you consult?"

Dolly Wyse—"Bradstreet."—*Cleveland Leader.*

"Yoh may not realize yo'r highest ambitions, sonny," said Uncle Eben; "but remember dat de man dat keeps out ob jail an' out o' debt is mo' of a success dan some of de folks dat has books wrote about 'em."—*Washington Star.*

"Johnson wants to borrow some money of me. Do you know anything about him?"

"I know him as well as I do you. I wouldn't let him have a dollar."—*New Yorker.*

"How do you like that?" he asked as he finished cutting his own name on the ice.

"Put 'Mrs.' in front of it and I'd like it very much," said the fair skater, with a shy glance.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

McILHENNY'S *Tabasco Sauce*

A Most Delightful Seasoning

FOR SOUPS, SALADS, OYSTERS, CLAMS, FISH, LOBSTERS, CHOPS, ROASTS, SAUCES, GRAVIES, ETC.

It imparts a delicious flavor, gives a keen appetite and stimulates the digestion. Indispensable for the table and in the kitchen. Ask your dealer for McILHENNY'S TABASCO, the original and best. In use nearly half a century.

FREE Write for interesting booklet of new and unique recipes.

McILHENNY'S TABASCO, NEW IBERIA, LA.

The lady—"My poor man, is it really true that you have been arrested so often?"

Gritty George—"Why, mum, I have been arrested as often as if I owned an automobile."—*Chicago News.*

He—"That lawyer seems to be a very intimate friend of yours?"

She—"Yes; he was best man at my divorce proceedings."—*Yonkers Statesman.*

"The automobile seems to be taking your place entirely," remarked the ox. "They haven't any use for you now."

"Oh, yes," replied the horse bitterly. "I believe they are considerate enough to use our hides for the leather finishings."—*Philadelphia Press.*

"Our Willie shows great determination," said the boy's mother.

"Yes?" queried the proud papa.

"Yes. He spent the whole day making soap-bubbles and trying to pin one to the wall."—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

"I'll take no chances," declared the young man firmly.

Did this cause the people to commend him as a prudent young fellow?

No.

You see, it was at a church-fair that he made the statement.—*Pittsburg Post.*

The Truth

Can be told about

Great Western Champagne

—the Standard of American Wines

There is nothing to conceal in its production. It is Pure Grape Juice, fermented and aged to exact perfection for healthfulness, possessing the bouquet and flavor that connoisseurs desire.

"Of the six American Champagnes exhibited at the Paris exposition of 1900, the GREAT WESTERN was the only one that received a GOLD MEDAL."

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Sole Makers, Rheims, N. Y.

Sold by respectable wine dealers everywhere.

YOU CAN GET ONE VERY EASILY, by sending for our 1905 Catalogue, and making a selection. Every page of this new Catalogue is laden with illustrations of the finest Diamonds, Watches and Jewelry. Nothing but the best and most reliable goods are worthy of, or are given a place in this book.

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MOST LIKELY.

JIM—"Say, Bill, wot would yer do if yer had a million dollars?"

BILL—"Oh, I s'pose I'd blow about half uv it makin' meself sick an' de other half tryin' ter find out wot wuz de matter wid me."

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Touchem—"I say, Cashley, can you let me have five dollars for a week?"

Cashley—"Sure, my boy. Just take it out of that ten dollars you owe me and keep it for another week." — *Chicago News.*

"Why do you insist on starting that enterprise on Friday, the thirteenth?"

"Well," answered the morose man, "the chances are that anything I undertake won't be a success, and I like to have something to blame the failure for."—*Washington Star.*

Contents of Washington's Birthday Number of **Leslie's Weekly** February 23, 1905

"A British Colony Celebrates Washington's Birthday," by Elisa Armstrong Bengough; an illustrated account of the picturesque and pleasing ceremonies which take place annually on February 22d at Nassau, the chief city of the Bahamas, where the day is observed as a general holiday.

"Confessions of a Reformed Thief," by A. W. V.; first installment of the story of an actual career of crime told with a good purpose by a youth who has forsaken evil ways.

"How a Young Official Saved Two Million Dollars," by Harold Bolce; a readable account of the distinguished public services rendered by Mr. Robert B. Armstrong while he was Assistant Secretary of the United States Treasury.

"The Man in the Auto," by Alex. Schwalbach; notes and news of interest (with illustrations) concerning automobiles and automobiling.

"Jasper's Hints to Money-makers;" a department containing comment and counsel invaluable to speculators and investors.

Illustrations.

"Studying the Story of Washington's Life," a fine cover drawing by T. Dart Walker.

"Busy Day in the Market of the Ghetto, at New York," a drawing by H. D. Nichols, and "Chicago's Ghetto on a Chilly Day," photographed by S. E. Wright; contrastive full-page pictures of much interest.

"New York's Memorials of the Father of His Country," showing the statues of Washington in the Metropolis, the buildings in which he lived or worshiped, and the grand arch which bears his name.

"On the Firing-Line of the Besiegers of Port Arthur," "From Peaceful Places to Scenes of Peril and Pain," "Russia's Care for Her Wounded Soldiers," and "Striking Scenes at the Late Siege of Port Arthur," comprising in all four pages of impressive pictures relating to the great war in the Far East.

"Special Washington's Birthday Photo Contest," which discloses the reverence of Americans for the Nation's Founder.

"A Disaster Unparalleled in Railroad Annals;" photographs of the recent unique and remarkable wreck on the New York Central near Utica, N. Y.

A page of fine dramatic pictures.

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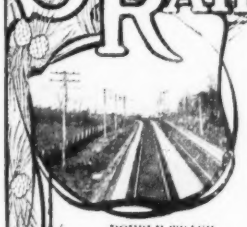

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"I was awfully disappointed on my birthday."

"How so?"

"I wanted an auto and didn't get it."

"Why didn't you give your husband a hint?"

"I did; but he didn't understand it."

"That's too bad."

"Yes; I told him I wanted something that traveled fast and that a woman could handle."

"Yes?"

"And what do you think he gave me?"

"Give it up."

"A ten-dollar bill!"—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

Nell.—"Somebody told me to-day that I was handsome."

Belle.—"When was that?"

Nell.—"To-day."

Belle.—"No; I mean when were you handsome?"—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

Second street fakir.—"Why, what's the trouble?"

First street fakir.—"Here I worked hard for half a day painting up a sparrow into a red-headed Belgian canary, and I'm blowed if the fellow I sold it to didn't give me a counterfeit half-dollar for it."—*New Yorker.*

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A Natural Spring Water. Has been before the public for thirty years. It has been tested by leading physicians at home and abroad. We would like to send you a pamphlet giving the experience of these physicians with its use in BRIGHT'S DISEASE, ALBUMINURIA, GOUT, RHEUMATISM and all URIC ACID TROUBLES

For sale by the general drug and mineral water trade.

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EXCUSABLE ARDOR.

MRS. MOSENSTEIN (*whispering*) "Dot Levy ofer dere ish gormandizing all der vittles midin his reach. Ish dot hungair or gluddony—vich?"

MR. MOSENSTEIN "Neider, mein tear—he don'd *vant* id. Id ish simply his habit ohf gedding der vorth ohf his money—dot's all."

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"ON EVERY TONGUE."

GRAND PRIZE—HIGHEST AWARD

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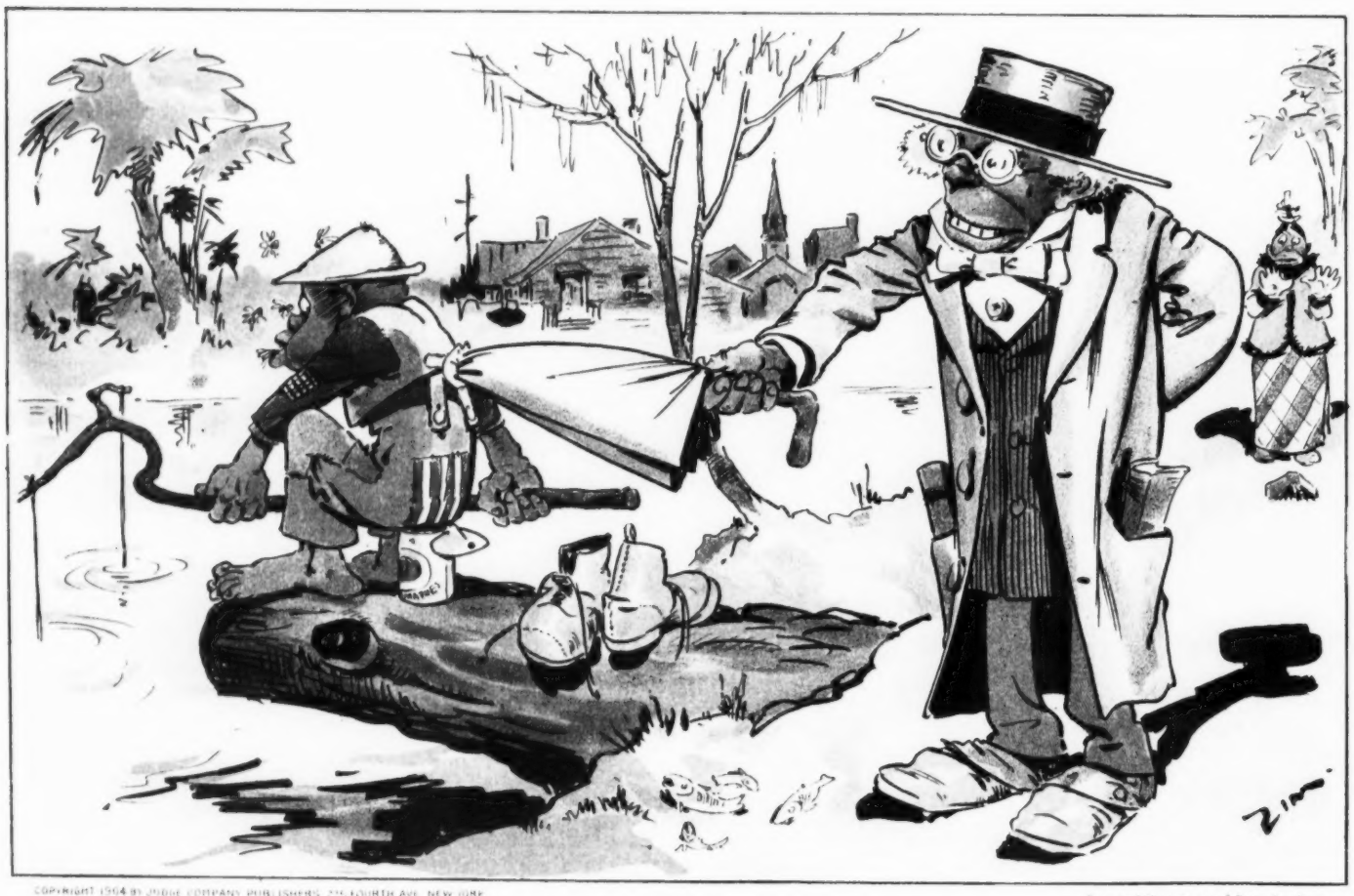
JIM JACKSON—"Dar's no exercise so good as boxin' fo' givin' a feller an appetite."
BILL SIMCOE—"'Cept sawin' wood."
JIM JACKSON—"Huh! Dat ain't exercise, yo' fool!—dat's work."



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Sackett & Wilhelms Litho & Pub Co New York

A REFORMER.

PARSON JOHNSON—"Let me teach yo' a lesson, young man—dat it's wrong ter be fishin' on Sunday."
BOY—"Oh, I'm teachin' de fish a lesson, parson—dat it's wrong ter be bitin' on Sunday."